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SHINE FOR MEASURE



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SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDY

OF

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WITH NOTES

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

*Adapted for Scholastic or Private Study, and for those qualifying for
University or Government Examinations.*

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE YEAR of the composition of this play was not later than 1604, as we find, from the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, that it was performed at Whitehall on the 26th of December in that year. But we have no means of ascertaining whether it was composed in an earlier year. Its first appearance in print was in the folio of 1623.

A very poor play, founded on one of the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, by George Whetstone, had been printed in 1578, but does not seem to have been acted. Its title is *The History of Promos and Cassandra*, and its argument is presented by the dramatist in the following narration:—

‘In the city of Julio (sometime under the dominion of Corvinus king of Hungary and Bohemia) there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos’ authority, who, convicting a young gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra. Cassandra, to enlarge her brother’s life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos. Promos, regarding her good behaviour and fantasying her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk, and, doing good that evil might come thereof, for a time he

reprieved her brother; but, wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust, he set down the spoil of her honour as ransom for her brother's life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But, in fine, won with the importunity of her brother (pleading for life). upon these conditions she agreed to Promos—first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as fearless in promise as careless in performance, with solemn vow signed her conditions; but, worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keep his authority unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandra's clamours, he commanded the gaoler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The gaoler, with the outcries of Andrugio, abhorring Promos' lewdness, by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head, newly executed, who (being mangled) knew it not from her brother's (who by the gaoler was set at liberty), and was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos; and devising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes known unto the king. She (executing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos; whose judgment was to marry Cassandra, to repair her crased honour; which done, for his heinous offence he should lose his head. This marriage solemnized, Cassandra, tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suitor for his life. The king (tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not grant her suit. Andrugio (disguised among the company), sorrowing the grief of his sister, betrayed his safety and craved pardon. The king, to renown the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos.'

There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure* was founded on Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*.

REMARKS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS

ON

SHAKSPEARE'S 'MEASURE FOR MEASURE.'

Measure for Measure is, perhaps, after *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, the play in which Shakspeare struggles, as it were, most with the overmastering power of his own mind; the depths and intricacies of being, which he has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him; his personages arrest their course of action to pour forth, in language the most remote from common use, thoughts which few could grasp in the clearest expression; and thus he loses something of dramatic excellence in that of his contemplative philosophy. The Duke is designed as the representative of this philosophical character: he is stern and melancholy by temperament, averse to the exterior shows of power, and secretly conscious of some unfitness for its practical duties. The virtue of Isabella, inflexible, and independent of circumstance, has something very grand and elevated; yet one is disposed to ask whether, if Claudio had been really executed, the spectator would not have gone away with no great affection for her; and, at least, we now feel that her reproaches against her miserable brother when he clings to life like a frail and guilty being, are too harsh. There is great skill in the invention of Mariana, and without this the story could not have had anything like a satisfactory termination; yet it is never explained how the

Duke had become acquainted with this secret, and being acquainted with it, how he had preserved his esteem and confidence in Angelo. His intention, as hinted at the end, to marry Isabella, is a little too commonplace: it is one of Shakspeare's hasty half-thoughts. The language of the comedy is often very obscure, and the text seems to have been printed with great inaccuracy.'—HALLAM.

'Of *Measure for Measure*, independent of the comic characters, which afford a rich fund of entertainment, the great charm springs from the lovely example of female excellence in the person of Isabella. Piety, spotless purity, tenderness combined with firmness, and an eloquence the most persuasive, unite to render her singularly interesting and attractive. Her first interview with Angelo, and the immediately subsequent one with Claudio, exhibit, along with the most engaging feminine diffidence and modesty, an extraordinary display of intellectual energy, of dexterous argument, and of indignant contempt. Her pleadings before the lord deputy are directed with a strong appeal both to his understanding and his heart, while her sagacity and address in the communication of the result of her appointment with him to her brother, of whose weakness and irresolution she is justly apprehensive, are, if possible, still more skilfully marked, and add another to the multitude of instances which have established for Shakspeare unrivalled intimacy with the finest feelings of our nature.

'The page of poetry, indeed, has not two nobler passages to produce, than those which paint the suspicions of Isabella as to the fortitude of her brother, her encouragement of his nascent resolution, and the fears which he subsequently entertains of the consequences of dissolution.'—DRAKE.

'In *Measure for Measure* Shakspeare was compelled, by the nature of the subject, to make his poetry more familiar with criminal justice than is usual with him. All kinds of proceedings connected with the subject, all sorts of active or passive persons, pass in review before us; the hypocritical Lord Deputy, the compassionate Provost, and the hard-hearted Hangman; a young man of quality who is to suffer for the

seduction of his mistress before marriage; loose wretches brought in by the police; nay, even a hardened criminal, whom even the preparations for his execution cannot awaken out of his callousness. But yet, notwithstanding this agitating truthfulness, how tender and mild is the pervading tone of the picture! The piece takes improperly its name from punishment; the true significance of the whole is the triumph of mercy over strict justice; no man being himself so free from errors as to be entitled to deal it out to his equals. The most beautiful embellishment of the composition is the character of Isabella, who, on the point of taking the veil, is yet prevailed upon by sisterly affection to tread again the perplexing ways of the world; while, amid the general corruption, the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought: in the humble robes of the novice she is a very angel of light. When the cold and stern Angelo, heretofore of unblemished reputation, whom the Duke has commissioned, during his pretended absence, to restrain, by a rigid administration of the laws, the excesses of dissolute immorality, is even himself tempted by the virgin charms of Isabella, supplicating for the pardon of her brother Claudio, condemned to death for a youthful indiscretion; when at first, in timid and obscure language, he insinuates, but at last impudently avouches his readiness to grant Claudio's life to the sacrifice of her honour; when Isabella repulses his offer with a noble scorn; in her account of the interview of her brother, when the latter at first applauds her conduct, but at length, overcome by the fear of death, strives to persuade her to consent to dishonour;—in these masterly scenes, Shakspeare has sounded the depths of the human heart. The interest here reposes altogether on the represented action; curiosity contributes nothing to our delight, for the Duke, in the disguise of a monk, is always present to watch over his dangerous representative, and to avert every evil which could possibly be apprehended; we look to him with confidence for a happy result. The Duke acts the part of the monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. Only in his wisdom he is too fond of round-

about ways; his vanity is flattered with acting invisibly like an earthly providence; he takes more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than governing them in the customary way of princes. As he ultimately extends a free pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose, in committing the execution of the laws to other hands, of restoring their strictness, has in any wise been accomplished. The poet might have had this irony in view, that of the numberless slanders of the Duke, told him by the petulant Lucio, in ignorance of the person whom he is addressing, that at least which regarded his singularities and whims was not wholly without foundation. It is deserving of remark that Shakspeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, takes a delight in painting the condition of a monk, and always represents his influence as beneficial. We find in him none of the black and knavish monks, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has suggested to some of our modern poets. Shakspeare merely gives his monks an inclination to busy themselves in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; with respect, however, to pious frauds, he does not represent them as very conscientious. Such are the parts acted by the monk in *Romeo and Juliet* and another in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and even by the Duke, whom, contrary to the well-known proverb, the cowl seems really to make a monk.'—SCHLEGEL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE—VIRGINIA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

	<i>Appears</i>
VINCENTIO, <i>the Duke</i>	Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act. III. sc. 1 ; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act. V. sc. I.
ANGELO, <i>the deputy [in the Duke's absence]</i>	Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.
ESCALUS, <i>an ancient lord [joined with Angelo in the deputation].</i>	Act I. sc. 1. Act. II. sc. 1. Act. III. sc. 2. Act 4. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.
CLAUDIO, <i>a young gentleman</i>	Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. I. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.
LUCIO, <i>a fantastic</i>	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. I.
Two other like Gentlemen	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3.
Provost	Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.
THOMAS, <i>a friar</i>	Act I. sc. 4.
PETER, <i>a friar</i>	Act IV. sc. 5 ; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.
A Justice	Act II. sc. 1.
ELBOW, <i>a simple constable</i>	Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
FROTH, <i>a foolish gentleman</i>	Act II. sc. 1.
Clown	Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3.
ABHORSON, <i>an executioner</i>	Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3.
BARNARDINE, <i>a dissolute pri- soner</i>	Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.
ISABELLA, <i>sister to Claudio</i>	Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.
MARIANA, <i>betrothed to Angelo</i>	Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.
JULIET, <i>beloved of Claudio</i>	Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.
FRANCISCA, <i>a nun</i>	Act I. sc. 5.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, <i>a bawd</i>	Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE—VIENNA.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus !

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;¹
Since I am put to know,² that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists³ of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But that⁴ to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms⁵
For common justice, you're as pregnant⁶ in

¹ *To affect, &c.*] To show a propensity to speak and argue.

² *Put to know*] Put to the necessity of knowing; necessarily aware.

³ *Lists*] Bounds.

⁴ *But that*] But that legal document. Here the duke holds out the commission which he means to give Escalus.

⁵ *The terms*] The technical language of the courts.

⁶ *Pregnant*] Ready; apt.

As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission. [*Giving it.*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure ¹ of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his deputation ² all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ³ such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings ⁴
Are not thine own so proper, ⁵ as to waste ⁶
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

¹ *Figure*] Personation.

² *Deputation*] Deputyship.

³ *To undergo*] To have upon him; to be invested with.

⁴ *Belongings*] Properties; qualities.

⁵ *So proper*] So peculiarly, or exclusively.

⁶ *As to waste*] As that thou shouldst waste.

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,¹
 But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself² the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.³ But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advértise;⁴
 Hold,⁵ therefore.—Angelo,
 In our remove be thou at full ourself;
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary:
 Take thy commission.⁶ [Giving it.

¹ *Finely touched*] Made of fine touch. An allusion to the touch-stone, a slaty kind of stone, which was thought to indicate the purity of gold by the marks which the metal made upon it.

² *Herself*] For herself.

³ *Use*] Interest. The word *use* denoted the interest paid for the use of money.

⁴ *That can, &c.*] That can give admonition as to what I in his person should be.

⁵ *Hold*] Hold office for us.

⁶ *Commission*] We have here one of the rare examples, in Shakspeare, of the dissyllabic orthœpy of such terminations as *-tion*, *-sion*, &c. in the *middle* of a line. Craik, in his *English of Shakspeare* (*Additions*, &c., p. xxvii.), commenting on line 246 of the *Julius Cæsar*, refers to a single example of this rarity in *As you Like It*, ii. 2.

‘With observation, the which he vents.’

To which we may add the following:

‘Whilst our commission from Rome is read. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4.

‘Brooks no division, it will be thought.’ 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1.

‘’T was by rebellion against his king.’ 3 *Hen. IV.* i. 1.

Compare:

‘Who can be patient in such extremes?’ *Do. do.*

Such diæreses at the *end* of a line are of frequent occurrence.

In the last speech but four of the next scene, we have

‘And there receive her approbation.’

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.

Duke. No more evasion
We have with a leavened and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ;¹ therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.²

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it.³ Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness !

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

¹ *Proceeded to you*] Proceeded to our appointing of you.

² *Bring you, &c.*] Attend you some part of your way.

³ *Does affect it*] Is fond of it.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you : and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place :
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition with the king of Hungary, why then, all the
dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of
Hungary's !

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped
one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal ?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the
captain and all the rest from their functions : they put
forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the
thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that
prays for peace.¹

¹ *The petition that prays for peace*] 'Heaven grant us its peace'
was one of the petitions in a customary form of grace before Eliza-
beth's time.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example,—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.¹

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost, and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: ² I will out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; ³ but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong,⁴ have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!

1 *Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

¹ *There went, &c.]* You and I are parts of one web; we are both of a piece.

² *With, &c.]* That thou dost speak with, &c.

³ *Learn to begin, &c.]* Learn to begin with wishing thee health when I drink.

⁴ *Done myself wrong]* Put myself in the wrong.

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars¹ a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown² more.

2 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error,—I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

1 *Gent.* How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madame Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

¹ *Dollars*] The sorry quibble in *dollars* for *dolours* is found in other speeches in Shakspeare.

² *A French crown*] The 'French crown' like the 'French velvet' are allusive to the French disease.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away ! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*]

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,¹ what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now ! what's the news with you ?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well ; what has he done ?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence ?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him ?

Pom. No ; but there's a woman with maid by him : you have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man ?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs² of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city ?

Pom. They shall stand for seed : they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down ?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

¹ *The sweat*] The sweating-sickness.

² *Houses in the suburbs*] Suburb houses of resort. The houses of ill-fame were chiefly in the suburbs.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.¹—
The sword of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.²

Re-enter LUCIO *and* Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

¹ *By weight*] In full.

² *The sword of heaven, &c.*] For *sword* we have *words* in the old copies. Claudio seems to mean that the sword of heaven, though it will have mercy on whom it will, &c. yet it is ever just. The allusion to Scripture is obvious:—'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,' &c. (Rom. ix. 15).

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
 So every scope by the immoderate use
 Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
 Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,¹
 A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
 would send for certain of my creditors: and yet to say the
 truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the
 morality² of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with
 you. [Takes him aside.]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is
 lechery so looked after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contráct,
 I got possession of Julietta's bed:
 You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
 Save that we do the denunciation³ lack
 Of outward order: this we came not to,
 Only for propagation⁴ of a dower

¹ *Ravin down, &c.*] Devour greedily what is special poison for
 them, viz. ratsbane.

² *Morality*] Graveness. The old text has *mortality*.

³ *Denunciation*] Public declaration.

⁴ *For propagation*] That she might continue to receive the
 interest. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this much
 discussed expression. Julietta was to receive the interest while un-
 married, and the principal when married to a man approved of by
 her friends.

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us.¹ But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse² of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in;³—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs⁴ have gone round,
And none of them been worn;⁵ and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh
it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

¹ *For us*] Favourable to us.

² *Glimpse*] Sparkle. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 2, 'There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of.'

³ *I stagger in*] I am perplexed about.

⁴ *Zodiacs*] Years. The ecliptic, or the sun's apparent path through the zodiac, was formerly supposed to be his actual orbit round the earth.

⁵ *Worn*] Put on; used.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:—
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,
 And there receive her approbation:¹
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
 Implore her, in my voice that she make friends²
 To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
 I have great hope in that; for in her youth
 There is a prone³ and speechless dialect,
 Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse,⁴
 And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may: as well for the encouragement
 of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposi-
 tion,⁵ as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry
 should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.⁶ I'll
 to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer; away!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Her approbation*] Her admission on probation as a nun.

² *In my voice, &c.*] I suppose this to mean 'that she make friends in my voice;' that is, 'raise friends to give their voices for me.'

³ *Prone*] Affectionate.

⁴ *Discourse*] Argument.

⁵ *For the encouragement, &c.*] Lucio is so disposed to encourage such conduct as Claudio's, that he afterwards says to Isabella 'he's in prison'

'For that which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks.'

⁶ *Tick-tack*] Trick-track; draught-playing.

SCENE III.—*A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of Love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;¹
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.²
I have delivered to lord Angelo—
A man of stricture³ and firm abstinence⁴—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—
The needful bits and curbs to headlong steeds,—
Which for these fourteen⁵ years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,

¹ *Removed*] Retired.

² *Bravery keeps*] Ostentation haunts or dwells.

³ *Stricture*] Strictness.

⁴ *Abstinence*] Self-restraint.

⁵ *Fourteen*] Nineteen, according to Claudio.

Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared ; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased ;
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander.¹ And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me,
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite

¹ *To do in slander*] To have anything to do with what is slandered.

Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Without.*] Ho! peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her *unhappy* brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me ! for what ?

Lucio. For that which,¹ if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks :
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.²

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar
sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart³—play with all virgins so :
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,⁴ 'tis
thus :—

Your brother and his lover have embraced :
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,⁵ even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him !—My cousin Juliet ?

¹ *Which*] For which. See p. 22, note 1.

² *Your story*] A subject of ridicule.

³ *To seem the lapwing, &c.*] The lapwing makes her nest on the ground. She runs to a distance from it when she sees an intruder approaching, attracts him there by fluttering and crying, and then takes flight. So in the *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 2, 'Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;' and in Lily's *Campaspe* (1584), 'You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.'

⁴ *Fewness and truth*] In briefness and truth ; briefly and truly.

⁵ *Foison*] Abundance.

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.¹

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her !

Lucio. This is the point
The duke is very strangely gone from hence,
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action ;² but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo ; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits³ of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to⁴ use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo ; and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

¹ *Affection*] *Fancy.*

² *Bore many gentlemen, &c.*] *To bear in hand* signified to keep in expectation, to buoy up with promises. *Action* is performance.

³ *Profits*] *Improvements.*

⁴ *To give fear to*] *To deter.*

Lucio. Has censured him¹
Already : and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.²

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :
Commend me to my brother ; soon at night³
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab.

Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹ *Censured*] Judged.

² *As they themselves, &c.*] As if they themselves already possessed them.

³ *Soon at night*] About night. So in *Merry Wives*, i. 4, 'We'll have a posset for't soon at night.' *Comedy of Errors*, i. 2, 'Soon at five o'clock ;' *Ditto*, 'And soon at supper-time I'll visit you.'

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, and
other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,¹ and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,²—
Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not³ some time in your life,

¹ *Than fall, &c.*] Knight erroneously supposes *fall* to be here used transitively, as in the expression *to fall a tree*. Escalus desires that Angelo and he should act as keen instruments and cut a little rather than fall as heavy weights on an offender and crush him to death.

² *Let but your honour know*] Only put it to your honour.

³ *Had not*] Would not have.

Erred in this point which now you censure him,¹
And pulled the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing² on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws,³
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,⁴
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have⁵ had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?⁶

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

¹ *Which*] For which. Compare the *Winter's Tale*, ii. 1, 'In this which you accuse her;' and iv. 3, 'To die upon the bed my father died.'

² *Passing*] Deciding, or pronouncing. So in *K. Lear*, ii. 7, 'We may not pass upon his life without the form of justice.'

³ *What know the laws?*] What have the laws to do with the circumstance?

⁴ *Pregnant*] Obvious.

⁵ *For I have*] Because I have.

⁶ *The provost*] A kind of sheriff is here meant.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him ! and forgive us all !
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none ;¹
And some condemned for a fault alone.²

Enter ELBOW and Officers, with FROTH and POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if these be good people in a common-weal that do nothing but use³ their abuses in common houses, I know no law : bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir ! What's your name ? and what's the matter ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow ; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors ! Well ; what benefactors are they ? are they not malefactors ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are ; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well : here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to :—what quality are they of ? Elbow is your name ? why dost thou not speak, Elbow ?

Pom. He cannot, sir ; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir ?

¹ *Run from brakes of vice, &c.]* There is manifestly some corruption here. The intended meaning is that some persons commit many crimes and are not called to account for one of them.

² *A fault alone]* One trifling trespass.

³ *Use]* Put in practice.

Elb. He, sir ! a tapster, sir ; parcel-bawd ;¹ one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that ?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest² before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How ! thy wife ?

Elb. Ay, sir ;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore ?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she. that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable ?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife ; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means ?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means ; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man ; prove it.

Escal. [*To ANGELO.*] Do you hear how he misplaces ?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes :—sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-

¹ *Parcel-bawd*] Partly a bawd. In 2 *K. Henry IV.* ii. 1, the Hostess speaks of 'a parcel-gilt goblet.'

² *I detest*] In *Merry Wives*, i. 4, Mrs. Quickly makes the same blunder for *I protest*.

pence,—your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right;—but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch

of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?—

Froth. I have so : because it is an open room, and good for winter.¹

Pom. Why, very well, then : I hope there be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there : I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less ; good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit* ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on : what was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

Pom. Once, sir ! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her ?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.
—Good master Froth, look upon his honour ; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face ?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face ?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed² upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your honour.

¹ *An open room, &c.]* Here Master Froth is intentionally made to blunder.

² *Supposed]* Pompey means *deposed*, put under oath.

Escal. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest! thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?¹—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her!—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover,² if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

¹ *Justice or Iniquity*] An allusion to two characters in ancient plays. The latter was assigned to the vice, or fool, who was in the habit of playing with words in a double sense.

'Thus like the formal vice Iniquity,

I moralise two meanings in one word.' *K. Rich. III. iii. 1.*

² *Discover*] Show, make known.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to *continue* now, thou varlet; thou art to *continue*.

Escal. [*To FROTH.*] Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—[*To POMPEY.*] What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone¹ by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you,² Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster: are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

¹ *Overdone*] Having the name of Overdone.

² *Draw you*] An allusion to tapsters as drawers, and also to the punishment of being hanged and drawn.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after¹ threepence a bay:² if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd³ Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [*Aside.*] but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

¹ *After*] At the rate of.

² *A bay*] Staunton explains this to mean 'for every 24 feet of frontage;' a 'bay of building' being, according to Coles's *Dictionary*, a measure of 24 feet. But we incline to think with other commentators that *bay* is a misprint for *day*.

³ *Shrewd*] Mischievous.

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow ; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable ?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time ; you say, seven years together ?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you ! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't : are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters : as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them : I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir ?

Escal. To my house ; fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*]
What's o'clock, think you ?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio ;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal.

It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :

But yet,—poor Claudio !—There is no remedy —

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.¹

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

¹ *His doom*]. Its decree.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* ISAB.] You're welcome:
what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,

To fine the fault, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law !
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour !
[Retiring.]

Lucio. [Aside to ISAB.] Give't not o'er so : to him again,
entreat him ;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown :
You are too cold ; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenced : 'tis too late.

Lucio. [Aside to ISAB.] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late ! why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well believe this,¹
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

¹ *Well believe this]* Be well assured of this.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to ISAB.*] Ay, touch him ; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made !

Ang. Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother ;
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him :—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow ! O, that's sudden ! Spare him,
spare him !—
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you :
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept :
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe,
Had answered for his deed : now 'tis awake ;
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But ere they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall ;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow : be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers.¹ O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant !

Lucio. [*Aside to ISAB.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,² petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder.—Merciful heaven !
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the soft myrtle ; but man, proud man !
Dressed in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,³
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.⁴

¹ *That suffers*] The first that suffers. ² *Pelting*] Paltry.

³ *Of what he's most assured*] Of what he feels most assured of.

⁴ *Who, with our spleens, &c.*] Who, if they had our humours,
would laugh themselves all mortal, or quite to death.

Lucio. [*Aside to ISAB.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent:

He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:¹ Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them, But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [*Aside to ISAB.*] Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word, Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to ISAB.*] Art avised o' that?² more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others, Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom; Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know That's like my brother's fault: if it confess A natural guiltiness such as is his, Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis such sense, That my sense breeds with it. [*To ISAB.*] Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

¹ *Yourself*] This is Warburton's reading. The old text has *ourself*; which makes Isabella seem to mean that she cannot adequately represent her brother. But the after context is in favour of *yourself*.

² *Art avised o' that*] Lucio means—does Angelo bear that in mind?

Ang. How ! bribe me !

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] You had marred all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise,—prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to ; 'tis well : away !

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen :
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.¹

Isab. At what hour to-morrow shall I
Attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour !

[*Exeunt ISABELLA, LUCIO, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee ! ²—even from thy virtue !—
What's this ? what's this ? Is this her fault or mine ?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most, ha ?
Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.³ Can it be

¹ *Where prayers cross*] Where prayers cross my path. Perhaps an allusion to the prayer 'Lead us not into temptation.'

² *From thee*] Temptation from thee !

³ *Corrupt with virtuous season*] The language is here condensed,

That modesty may more betray our sense
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there?¹ O, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things
 That make her good? O, let her brother live!
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue; never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite: ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter, severally, DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blessed order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits

the sense being that the flower having a virtuous season, does not corrupt. Compare the previous passage,

‘Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves.’

¹ *And pitch our evils there*] The notion here is derived from what was sometimes done to dishonour religious structures. Thus, in 2 Kings, x. 27, it is said they ‘brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught-house.’

Here in the prison : do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful
Look ; here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report ; she is with child,
And he that got it, sentenced :—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

[*To JULIET.*] I have provided for you : stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wronged you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed ?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter : but lest you do repent
As that¹ the sin hath brought you to this shame,—

¹ *As that*] For the reason that ; merely because.

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,¹
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil,²
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'T is pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention,³ hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown seared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,

¹ *Spare heaven*] Avoid offending against heaven because we love heaven.

² *As it is, &c.*] On account of its own sinfulness.

³ *Invention*] This word often meant, as it does here, *imagination*, the inventive faculty. So in *K. Henry V.*, chorus to i.—

'O for a muse of fire that would ascend
The highest heaven of invention.'

Could I, with boot,¹ change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit SERV.*] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,² subject to a well-wished king,³
Quit⁴ their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

¹ *With boot*] And give something to boot.

² *The general*] The multitude.

³ *A well-wished king*] A king who has the good wishes of his people.

⁴ *Quit*] Discharge.

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen¹
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained² means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stained?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compelled sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.³

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—

¹ *That hath from nature stolen*] That hath deprived of life.

² *Restrained*] Forbidden.

³ *Stand more, &c.*] Are greater in number than they are in responsibility.

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life ;
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life ?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul
It is¹ no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you² to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it ! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.³

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, crafty ;⁴ and that is not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.⁵

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks⁶
Proclaim an enshield beauty⁷ ten times louder

¹ *It is*] That it is.

² *Pleased you*] Did it please you ; that it should please you.

³ *Of your answer*] Of what you shall have to answer for.

⁴ *Either you are ignorant, &c.*] Compare *A Winter's Tale*, ii. 1.
'If you, or stupefied, or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not.'

⁵ *But graciously, &c.*] But let me have through divine grace a knowledge of my unworthiness.

⁶ *These black masks*] Ladies when they went to the theatre always wore masks.

⁷ *An enshield beauty*] An enshielded or covered beauty. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2 :—

'These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.'

Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me :
To be received plain,¹ I'll speak more gross :
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant ² to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,³—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself :
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing had⁴ been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :

¹ *To be received plain*] That I may be understood plainly.

² *Accountant*] Answerable.

³ *But in the loss of question*] Without disowning the right of calling him to answer for his crime.

⁴ *Had*] We here adopt Knight's emendation. The old reading is *have*, which, if genuine, is elliptical for *I have*. Similar omission of the grammatical subject of a verb is not uncommon in Shakspeare:—

'That [I] am, have, and shall be,' *K. Henry VIII.*

Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?

Isab. Ignomy¹ in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant:
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me my lord; it oft falls out,
To have² what we would have, we speak not what we
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.³

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;

¹ *Ignomy*] This was formerly a common contraction for *ignominy*.

² *To have*] That in order to have.

³ *Else let my brother die, &c.*] Otherwise, let my brother die, if instead of being a mere vassal like other men he alone has frailty for his heritage.

And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults¹ may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one,—as you are well expressed
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one:² gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.³

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,

¹ *Than faults*] Than that faults.

² *I have no tongue but one*] I can speak only one language.
Isabella means by this that Angelo is now speaking strange language.

³ *To pluck on others*] To draw on others; to try how far others will go.

My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein :
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
Lay by all nicety and proluxious blushes,
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection¹ that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain ? did I tell this,
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof ;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother :
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

¹ *Affection*] Disposition ; propensity.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter, to CLAUDIO, the DUKE, disguised as before, and Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope: I have hope to live, and am
Prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute¹ for death;
Either death or life shall thereby be the sweeter.
Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do² this habitation, where thou keep'st,³
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still.⁴ Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st

¹ *Be absolute*] Make up your mind.

² *Do*] The old folio has *dost*.

³ *This habitation, &c.*] This body in which thou dwellest.

⁴ *Still*] Continually.

Are nursed by baseness.¹ Thou art by no means valiant,
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,²
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo,³ and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld;⁴ and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

¹ *Nursed by baseness*] Bred by things of mean condition, as the sheep, the silkworm, &c.

² *Thy complexion, &c.*] Thy temperament, or disposition, shifts to strange affections, likings, or fancies. *Affects* is Johnson's reading; the old text has *strange effects*, which, if right, seems to mean foreign or external influences.

³ *Serpigo*] A cutaneous disease like ringworm or leprosy.

⁴ *All thy blessed youth, &c.*] Thy youth devotes all its freshness, vigour, &c., to make provision for old age; as if old age were present in youth and then craving sustenance.

Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;
And, seeking death, find life : let it come on.

Isab. [*Without.*] What, ho ! Peace here ; grace and
good company !

Prov. Who's there ? come in : the wish deserves a
welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, signior, here's your
sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
concealed. [*Exeunt DUKE and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are ; most good, most good
indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger :¹
Therefore your best appointment make with speed ;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Isab. None :—but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live :

¹ *Lieger*] A lieger is a resident ambassador at a foreign court.

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother ! there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled vizage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew¹

¹ *Follies doth emmew*] Doth circle round follies with his terrifying restraints. A hawk was said to *emmew* a bird when hovering over and wheeling round it, preparatory to seizure.

As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The saintly¹ Angelo?

Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In saintly² guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed!

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force³ it? Sure, it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,

¹ *Saintly*] The old text has *prenzie*, a corruption for which we have substituted what we think the best of the emendations that have been proposed. *Princely*, *priestly*, *precise*, and *reverend* are other readings.

² *Saintly guards*] Here again the folio has the unintelligible *prenzie*. *Guards* are the borders or facings of a garment, and in this passage have perhaps allusion to the phylacteries of the Pharisees.

³ *Force*] Enforce.

Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted¹ spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;²
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

¹ *Delighted*] This word, if genuine, probably means *delighting* or *causing delight*, a sense which it bears in *Othello*, i. 3, and in *Cymbeline*, v. 4.

² *Or to reside, &c.*] Milton makes the punishment after death an *alternation* of the 'fierce extremes' of heat and cold. See *P. L.*, ii. 596–603.

Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother played my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness¹
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:

'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE, the Provost following.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would
by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I
would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be
stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*Aside to CLAUDIO.*] Son, I have overheard what
hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had
never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an
assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the
disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in
her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most
glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know

¹ *Wilderness*] Wildness; savageness.

this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]
Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him:¹ I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover² his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own

¹ *To resolve him*] To let him know.

² *Discover*] Make known.

gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate¹ husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few,² bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

¹ *Combinate*] Engaged.

² *In few*] In few words; in short; the expression was very common.

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal ; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection : his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo ; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience : agree with his demands to the point ; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long ; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it ; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course and now follows all :—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense ; and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it ?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo : if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's ; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana : at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter, on one side, DUKE, disguised as before, on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.¹

Duke. O heavens ! what stuff is here ?

Pom. 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm ; and furred with fox and lamb skins² too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar !

Duke. And you good brother father.³ What offence hath this man made you, sir ?

Elb. Marry sir, he hath offended the law : and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir ; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah ! a bawd, a wicked bawd !
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself, —

¹ *Bastard*] This was a kind of sweet wine.

² *Fox and lamb skins*] So Howell, speaking of the policy of Venice says : ' It having been her practice ever and anon to sew a piece of fox tail to the skin of St. Mark's lion.' *Instructions for Foreign Travel*, viii.

³ *Good brother father*] This is in banter with the expression *father friar*, the name *friar* being derived from the French *frère*.

From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him
warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he
be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good
go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! ¹

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir. ²

Pom. I spy comfort: I cry, bail! Here's a gentleman,
and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels
of Cæsar! Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none
of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now,
for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched?
What reply, ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and
method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What say'st
thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way?
Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it? ³

¹ *That we were all, &c.*] O that we were all, as some pretend to be, as free from our faults as our faults are free from observation. O that we had no more faults than those we seem to have.

² *His neck, &c.*] Elbow, referring to the friar's girdle round the duke's waist, means that Pompey's neck will come to a halter.

³ *The trick of it*] What is the style or manner of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha!

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.¹

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.—Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.² I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt ELBOW, and Officers, with POMPEY.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

¹ *The tub*] The powdering tub.

² *The wear*] The fashion.

Duke. I know none; can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; other some he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp¹ the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to' t.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him: some, that he was begot between two stock fishes.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why what a ruthless thing is this in him. Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected² for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir! you are deceived.

¹ *Usurp*] Assume.

² *Detected*] Known.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use¹ was to put a ducat in her clack-dish:² the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward³ of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon:—'t is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject⁴ held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation.⁵ Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

¹ *His use*] His practice or custom.

² *Clack-dish*] A beggar's dish; so called from the clacking noise made with its cover.

³ *An inward*] An intimate. So in *K. Richard III.*, iii. 4:—'Who is most inward with the noble duke?'

⁴ *The greater file of the subject*] The higher class of the people. *Subject* is an adjective used as a plural noun. So in *Winter's Tale*, i. 1:—'One that, indeed, physics the subject.'

⁵ *Proclamation*] Report.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Can'st thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, and Officers, with MISTRESS
OVERDONE.*

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me! your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord!

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit¹ in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob.² I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to: no more words.

[*Exeunt Officers, with MISTRESS OVERDONE.*
Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

¹ *Forfeit*] Having incurred penalty.

² *Philip and Jacob*] St. Philip and St. James's day: May 1.

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it¹ must cure it : novelty
is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be aged in
any kind of course, as it is virtuous² to be constant in any
undertaking : there is scarce truth enough alive to make
societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships
accursed.³ Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the
world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's
news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended
especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than
merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice :
a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his
events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let
me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I
am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure
from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the
determination of justice ; yet had he framed to himself, by
the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of

¹ *The dissolution of it]* The death of goodness.

² *Virtuous]* That is, really virtuous ; unless *constant* be a mis-
print for *inconstant*.

³ *Security enough, &c.]* Enough of suretyship to make it an
accursed thing to become sworn partner with anyone.

life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,

Should be as holy as severe ;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go ;

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self offences weighing.¹

Shame to him whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking !

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice and let his grow !

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side !

How may likeness, made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,²

¹ *Pattern in himself, &c.*] To recognise in himself a pattern ; to be one who has grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward ; not punishing others more or less than according as he weighs his own offences.

² *How may likeness, &c.*] The language here is perplexed, and doubtless corrupt, though the main thought is tolerably clear.

To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply :
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised ;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,¹
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *Pay with falsehood, &c.] Pay his false exaction with falsehood.*

to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planched¹ gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the heavy middle of
the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me²
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?³

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;

¹ *Planced*] Formed of planks.

² *With whispering, &c.*] He with whispering, &c.

³ *Concerning her observance*] Which it concerns her to observe.

And that I have possessed him¹ my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false² eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests³
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes⁴ of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

¹ *Possessed him*] Informed him.

² *False*] Deceived.

³ *Quests*] Examinations.

⁴ *Escapes*] Sallies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish¹ the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's² to sow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it

¹ *Flourish*] Grace.

² *Tilth's*] The old text has tithes.

on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! where's Abhorson, there ?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir, fie upon him ! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally : a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for, surely, sir, a good favour¹ you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a *mystery* ?

Abhor. Ay, sir ; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery ; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

¹ *Favour*] Visage.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true¹ man's apparel fits your thief.²

Pom. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.³

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;⁴ for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt POMPEY and ABHORSON.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

¹ *True*] Honest.

² *Your thief*] On this use of the pronoun *your* see the Editor's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, p. 38.

³ *He doth oftener ask, &c.*] In *As you Like it*, iii. 5, Silvius says:—

‘The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon.’

⁴ *Yare*] Active; expert.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go; prepare yourself. [*Knocking without.*
But hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort!— [*Exit* CLAUDIO.
By and by!—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.—

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?

Prov. None since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a better deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke¹ and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power

¹ *Stroke*] Ruled limit.

To qualify in others : were he mealed ¹ with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;
But this being so he's just.— [*Knocking without.*

Now are they come.— [*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost : seldom when ²
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.*
How now ! what noise ? That spirit's possessed with haste
That wounds the unsisting ³ postern with these strokes.

Prov. [*Without. Speaking to one at the door.*

There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in : he is called up.

Re-enter Provost.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow ?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know ; yet I believe there comes
No countermand : no such example have we :
Besides, upon the very siege ⁴ of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.—

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

¹ *Mealed*] Mixed up. Fr. *mêlé*.

² *Seldom when*] It is seldom that. So in 2 *K. Henry IV.*, iv. 4:—
‘Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb.’

³ *Unsisting*] This word, which means *restless*, is probably one of the numerous blunders which disfigure the old text of this play.

⁴ *Siege*] Seat.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge,—that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. [*Aside.*] This is his pardon; purchased by such sin,

For which the pardoner himself is in.

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on;¹ methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in afternoon Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon.

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either

¹ *Putting on*] Incitement.

delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact,¹ till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?²

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning,³ I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

¹ *Fact*] Deed. Formerly a common meaning of the word.

² *Apparent*] Evident.

³ *In the boldness of my cunning*] With boldness of confidence in my sagacity.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance, of the duke's

death ; perchance, entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.¹ Look, the unfolding star² calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,³ nine-score and seventeen pounds ; of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then ginger was not much in request, for

¹ *Writ*] Staunton says this word here means *truth* or *gospel*.

² *The unfolding star*] The star at whose appearance the sheep are let out of the fold.

³ *A commodity, &c.*] There is here an allusion to an old practice of usurers. They often refused to lend money unless part of the value was 'taken up' as it was called 'on commodity,' that is, in goods, for which, often consisting of such paltry stuff as 'brown paper and old ginger,' an exorbitant charge was made. Robert Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching* (1592), says : 'If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and three-score in wares : as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or brown paper.'

the old women were all dead.¹ Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar.² Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deepvow, and master Copperspur, and master Starvelackey, the rapier and dagger man, and young Dropheir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Halfcan that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now *for the Lord's sake*.³

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? what are you?

Pom. Your friend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

¹ *The old women, &c.*] Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1:—'I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger.'

² *Peaches him a beggar*] Reduces him to the condition of a beggar. The jest has perhaps reference to impeachment as divesting a nobleman of his rank and reducing him to the level of a common man.

³ *Are now for the Lord's sake*] This is an allusion to imprisoned debtors craving alms at the grate from the passers-by; their usual form of supplication being *Charity, for the Lord's sake*.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir; how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun has made his journal greeting

To the under generation,¹ you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.²

Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo.

[*Exit* Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions,³ I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost *with* Ragozine's head.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it.⁴ Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Without.*] Peace, ho, be here!

¹ *Ere twice the sun, &c.*] Ere the sun shall have twice made his daily greeting to the inhabitants on the lower side of the globe. Compare *K. Richard II.*, iii. 2:—

‘When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world;’
That is, ‘that lights the lower world behind the globe.’

For ‘the under generation,’ however, which is Hanmer’s reading and the one most generally received, the old text has ‘yonder generation.’

² *I am your free dependant*] I freely trust you.

³ *Great injunctions*] Important obligations.

⁴ *Convenient is it*] It is proper or suitable that you should.

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither ;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho ! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world :
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes !

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !
Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot :
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes :
One of our covent,¹ and his confessor,
Gives me this instance :² already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo ;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go ;

¹ *Covent*] Convent.

² *Instance*] Scrap of intelligence.

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,¹
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to friar Peter give ;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return :
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal ;² and he shall bring you
Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home.³ For my poor self,
I am combined⁴ by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio.

Good even.—

Friar, where's the provost ?

Duke.

Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see
thine eyes so red : thou must be patient. I am fain to
dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my
head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to't.
But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my

¹ *Your bosom on this wretch*] Opportunity of speaking your mind,
or of revealing what you know, about this wretch.

² *I'll perfect him withal*] I will make him thoroughly assured
about.

³ *Home and home*] More and more directly.

⁴ *Combined*] Engaged. See p. 56, note 1.

troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit ISABELLA.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.¹

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman² than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his

¹ *He lives not in them*] His life does not answer to them.

² *Woodman*] Sportsman.

wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there ?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

Escal. He shows his reason for that ;—to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed :
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir : fare you well,

Ang. Good night.— [Exit ESCALUS.
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,¹
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid !
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it !—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her no ;²
For my authority bears³ a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,⁴
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonoured life

¹ *Unpregnant*] Unapt ; unready.

² *Dares her no*] To dare is to confound with fright, as in catching larks. *Dares her no*, therefore, may mean, makes her shrinkingly say *no*.

³ *Bears*] The old text has *beares of*.

⁴ *With dangerous sense*] Under a sense of the danger of indulgence.

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived !
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right ! we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*An open place without the City.*

Enter DUKE, *in his own habit*, and FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me :

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay : give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter.

It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit F. PETER.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good
haste :

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth :
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,

That is your part; yet I am advised to it;
He says, to veil full purpose.¹

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous² and gravest citizens
Have hent³ the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Full purpose*] The full scope or extent of his purpose.

² *Generous*] Respectable: of the rank of gentlemen. So in *Othello*, iii. 3:—'The generous islanders by you invited;' and in *Hamlet*, i. 3:—

'And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous chief in that.'

³ *Hent*] Taken.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at a distance. *Enter from one side, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; from the other, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. }
and } Happy return be to your royal grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong
it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject¹ see, to make them know

¹ *The subject*] The people. See p. 62, note 4.

That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:—
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail¹ your regard
Upon a wronged—I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? be
brief.

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke!
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. *By course of justice!*

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

¹ *Vail*] Condescend to direct. To *vail* is to lower. Fr. *avaler*.

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange and strange ?

Duke. — Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her !—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness ! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain : believe it, royal prince :
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er¹ I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality ;² but let your reason serve

¹ *E'er*] Shakspeare should have written, if he did not write,
ne'er ; unless the line preceding be parenthetical.

² *Inequality*] Partiality.

To make t' e truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.¹

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio,
As then the messenger—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wished to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.²

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

¹ *And hide the false, &c.*] And to make the false that seems true
hide its head, that it may cease to impose on others.

² *Perfect*] Assured.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab.

Pardon it :

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ;—proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled¹ me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter :
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes² mine honour,
And I did yield to him : but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke.

This is most likely !

Isab. O, that it were as like³ as it is true !

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch ! thou know'st not what
thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned against his honour
In hateful practice.⁴ First, his integrity
Stands without blemish : next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself ; if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on :
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

¹ *Refelled*] Refuted.

² *My sisterly remorse confutes*] My sisterly pity prevails over.

³ *Like*] Likely to be believed ; supposable.

⁴ *Practice*] Contrivance or plot.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that
Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay,¹ my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this² a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,

¹ *Lay*] Of the laity.

² *This*] This is. Shakspeare sometimes omits the verb *is* after
a subject ending in *s*, as in *K. Lear*:—‘This [is] a good block;’
Comedy of Errors, i. 1:—‘Yet this [is] my comfort;’ *Cymbeline*,
iii. 6:—‘Since Leonatus [is] false.’

Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,¹
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false ; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.² First, for this woman,—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke.

Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off guarded ; and
MARIANA comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo ?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools !—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo ;
In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge

¹ *A temporary meddler*] One who meddles with temporal matters.

² *Convented*] Summoned.

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:—neither maid,
widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would he had some cause
to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so
too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on :
This is the hand, which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine : this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more !

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman ;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition ; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity : since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched. I do perceive,
These poor informal¹ women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on; let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—

[*Exit Provost.*]

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,

¹ *Informal*] Out of their wits. A *formal* person meant one in his right or sober senses.

Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly.—[*Exit DUKE.*]
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodo-
wick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*:¹ honest in nothing
but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous
speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a
notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would
speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my
lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll
handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately,
she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be
ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at mid-
night.

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA.

Escal. [*To ISABELLA.*] Come on, mistress: here's a
gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here,
with the provost.

¹ *Cucullus, &c.*] It is not the cowl that makes the monk. The
same proverb is quoted in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5.

Escal. In very good time :—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Re-enter DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and Provost.

Escal. Come, sir : did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo ? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How ! know you where you are ?

Duke. Respect to your great place ! and let the devil Be sometime honoured for his burning throne !— Where is the duke ? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ? Good night to your redress ! Is the duke gone ? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal ; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar, Is't not enough thou hast suborned these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain ? and then to glance from him To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice ?— Take him hence ; to the rack with him !— We'll touse you joint by joint, but we will know This¹ purpose.—What ? unjust !

Duke. Be not so hot ; the duke dare no more stretch This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own :

¹ *This]* The old text has *his*.

His subject am I not, nor here provincial.¹
My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew : laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,²
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state ! Away with him to prison !

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio ?
Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, good-man bald-pate : do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice :
I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so ? and do you remember what you
said of the duke ?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? and was the duke a fleshmonger,
a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be.

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you
make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and
much more, much worse.

Lucio. O, thou damnable fellow ! did not I pluck thee
by the nose for thy speeches ?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain would close³ now, after his
treasonable abuses !

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal—away

¹ *Provincial*] Under the jurisdiction of the province.

² *The forfeits, &c.*] The allusion here is said to be to certain
rules hung up in barbers' shops, prohibiting irregularities under
various penalties.

³ *Close*] Come round.

with him to prison!—where is the provost?—away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

[*The Provost lays hand on the DUKE.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he?—Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood and discovers the DUKE.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—Sneak not away, sir; [*To LUCIO.*] for the friar and you Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To ESCALUS.*] What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:—We'll borrow place of him:—[*To ANGELO.*] sir, by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes!¹ Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,

¹ *My passes*] My proceedings.

But let my trial be mine own confession :
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,¹
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR
PETER, and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince : as I was then
Advertising² and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty !

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid !
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose : but, peace be with him !

¹ *Consummate*] Being consummated.

² *Advertising*] Admonishing ; a monitor.

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort
So happy is your brother.¹

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent,—for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him!

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mocked you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow² you withal,

¹ *So happy, &c.*] That your brother is so fortunate.

² *Widow*] A dower was often called a *widowhood*, as in *Taming*

To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death!—[To Lucio.] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do impórtune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,¹
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, becomie much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[Kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived: I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,

of the Shrew, ii. 1 :—‘I'll assure her of her widowhood, be it that she survive me.’

¹ *Fact*] Deed.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable : stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, muffled, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles CLAUDIO.*]

Duke. [*To ISABELLA.*] If he be like your brother, for
his sake

Is he pardoned; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me¹ your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.—

By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.—

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:²

Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission³ in myself;

And yet here's one in place⁴ I cannot pardon.—

[*To LUCIO.*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a
coward,

¹ *Give me*] If you give me.

² *Quits you well*] Has brought good requital to you.

³ *An apt remission*] A readiness to forgive.

⁴ *In place*] Present. The expression with this meaning is common in Spenser.

One all of luxury,¹ an ass, a madman :
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may ; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wronged by this lewd fellow,—
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,—let her appear,
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore ! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke : good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison ;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,² whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—

[*Exeunt Officers with LUCIO.*]

She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana !—Love her, Angelo :
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :
There's more behind that is more gratulate.—³

¹ *Luxury*] Sensuality.

² *Pressing to death*] A mode of punishment by laying heavy weights on the body.

³ *Gratulate*] Matter of congratulation.

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place —
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion which imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

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